Dear Noah,

After many years of therapy, I find the courage to write this letter to you. I spent many years angry at the disillusionment over the non-existence of unicorns. My anger used to swell at your irresponsibility for leaving a unicorn behind. In having time to reflect upon the duties bestowed upon you by God, I’ve come to the realization that we were placed in similar situations. Instead of unicorns, I was told to leave no child behind.

Superintendant tells me that I have to get all those children to get on the Keystone boat—you know, the ones too busy watching youtube to realize that the water is creeping higher, the ones too busy looking for their lost umbrella so they won’t get wet on their way to the boat, the ones who plan to build a better boat, and the ones who ask, “What boat?” He even wants me to convince those who say, “If there’s a dress code, I’m not getting on” that the boat is…”OMG…sick.” Looking back at the situation I and other teachers are put in, I now have more sympathy for you.

My counselor has helped me to open up and come to terms with my acceptance of the high pressure—and fear of the Keystone boat—as I, too, upon further reflection, would have left the unicorn behind. Good news though, I have been given the opportunity to go back and throw those students left behind a lifeline—they can create a portfolio, that upon completing and meeting certain standards, they may be granted admission to this boat of proficiency. TOOT—TOOT!

So, Noah, I now understand you and empathize with you. My therapy has not only helped me understand you better, but I now have come to grips with the pressure and fear of getting these students aboard the proficiency boat.

Sincerely,

Captain Ahab

PS—In the words of Dorie, “Just keep swimming.”